Should I try death by duſſons: I am mop't,
Food tooke I none theſe two daies.
Sipt ſome water. I have not cloſd mine eyes
Save when my lids ſcowrd off their bine, alas
Diſſolue my life, Let not my ſence unſettle
Least I ſhould drowne, or ſtab or hang my ſelfe.
O ſtate of Nature, faile together in me,
Since thy beſt props are warpt: So which way now?
The beſt way is, the next way to a grave:
Each errant ſtep beſide is torment. Loe
The Moone is down, the Cryckets chirpe, the Schreichowle
Calls in the dawne; all offices are done
Save what I faile in: But the point is this
An end, and that is all. *Exit.*

Scæna 3. *Enter Arcite, with Meate, Wine, and Files.*

Arc. I ſhould be neere the place, hoa. Coſen *Palamon.*

Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite.

Arc. The ſame: I have brought you foode and files,
Come forth and feare not, here's no *Theſeus*.

Pal. Nor none ſo honeſt *Arcite*.

Arc. That's no matter,
Wee'l argue that hereafter: Come take courage,
You ſhall not dye thus beaſtly, here Sir drinke
I know you are faint, then ile talke further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou mightſt now poyſon me.

Arc. I might.
But I muſt feare you firſt: Sit downe, and good now
No more of theſe vaine parlies; let us not
Having our ancient reputation with us
Make talke for Fooles, and Cowards, To your health, &c.

Pal. Doe.

Arc. Pray ſit downe then, and let me entreate you
By all the honeſty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman, t'will diſturbe us,
We ſhall have time enough.

Pal. Well Sir, Ile pledge you. (blood man.

Arc. Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good

Doe

Doe not you feele it thaw you?

Pal. Stay, I le tell you after a draught or two more.

Arc. Spare it not, the Duke has more Cuz: Eate now.

Pal. Yes,

Arc. I am glad you have ſo good a ſtomach.

Pal. I am gladder I have ſo good meate too't.

Arc. Is't not mad lodging, here in the wild woods Coſen

Pal. Yes, for then that have wilde Conſciences. (I ſee,

Arc. How taſts your vittails? your hunger needs no ſawce

Pal. Not much.

But if it did, yours is too tart: ſweete Coſen: what is this?

Arc. Veniſon.

Pal. Tis a luſty meate:
Giue me more wine; here *Arcite* to the wenches
We have known in our daies. The Lord Stewards daughter.
Doe you remember her?

Arc. After you Cuz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-haird man.

Arc. She did ſo; well Sir.

Pal. And I have heard ſome call him *Arcite*, and

Arc. Out with't faith.

Pal. She met him in an Arbour:
What did ſhe there Cuz? play o'th virginals?

Arc. Something ſhe did Sir.

Pal. Made her groane a moneth for't; or 2. or 3. or 10.

Arc. The Marſhals Siſter,
Had her ſhare too, as I remember Coſen,
Elſe there be tales abroade, you'l pledge her?

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty broune wench t'is. There was a time
When yong men went a hunting, and a wood,
And a broade Beech: and thereby hangs a tale: heigh ho.

Pal. For *Emily*, upon my life; Foole
Away with this ſtrain d mirth; I ſay againe
That ſigh was breathd for *Emily*; baſe Coſen,
Dar'ſt thou breake firſt?

Arc. you are wide.

Pal. By heaven and earth, ther's nothing in thee honeſt.